

What Happens When we Help?

By Hannah Gow

In my 17 years, helping has been all around me, but I couldn't pinpoint a certain time when the idea of "helping" stood out, until I thought about my first summer job. When I just turned 16, I went to a summer camp to work as a "Snack Shack" girl. I applied late and so everyone there had a week start on faces and friends. I was the new girl with nothing to do at that moment. Since it was my first day I wasn't assigned to work until tomorrow. I went around campus trying to find something to do with myself. Then along came Libby.

Libby Morgan was my co-worker who I hadn't met yet. She recognized me, or at the very least figured out who I was. She welcomed me to the campground and said she was very excited to be working with me. She told me later that friends of hers told her that I was here, where I was staying, what I looked like and such. I guess I felt like I was back in Kindergarten, we got along right away. Or how Libby puts it "We were like instant friends!" She therefore proceeded to showing me around the campground and introducing me to staff.

From that point on we became great friends, I am so happy that some one took time out their day to just befriend me. The sort of loneliness I felt at the very beginning was quickly diminished when my best friend for that summer showed me a bit of kindness. She offered her help. Working with her was a blast. That summer we would sit in that boring Snack Shack for hours and sing Hannah Montana songs, laugh at random jokes, and befriend the costumers. I remember meeting kids that would totally annoy us, then after a week, we got to like them.

Just by that bit of help, I settled in quite nicely into the campground staff. Sometimes I wonder how long it would've been before I really started making friends if it wasn't for Libby's help. I wonder how long I would've wandered around campus that day before I became absurdly homesick. When we help, especially when we help a newcomer, it makes a big impact. Just by that bit of friendliness Libby showed me, I am eternally grateful.

(I think it sounds more like an essay than an article...)

Amelia